

5 **ETERNITY**
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Ex-MUTANTS
UNIVERSE
ANTHOLOGY

SHATTERED EARTH



—DUKE—



QUIETUS

Mauldin, Carruthers &
McDermott



LAST DEFENDER OF CAMELOT

Bennet, King & Miller



FINAL GENESIS

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SHATTERED EARTH



On May 3rd, 1995 the world as we know it ended in an orgy of flame and disease as each nation emptied their stockpiles of atomic and biological weapons at their neighbors. Now, thirty years later, mutated survivors of this final war scratch a meager existence from their surroundings. Some, like the *Ex-Mutants*, are actively trying to reclaim the world for humans. Others, like the *New Humans*, are trying to restore the old world. And still others, like the *Wild Knights*, are content with mere survival.

But what about the rest of the world? What other civilizations and heroes are springing up in the shadow of World War Three? What other menaces confront the remaining humans in the *Ex-Mutants Universe*?

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SHATTERED EARTH,

SHATTERED EARTH

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MUTANTS, EX-MUTANTS

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I STAND AMONG THE SANDIA MOUNTAINS, IN WHAT WAS ONCE NEW MEXICO. AS THE SUN LEAVES ITS BLOODY EPITAPH SCRAWLED ACROSS DUSTY CLOUDS.

THE NATIVE PEOPLE OF THIS LAND WATCHED THE SUN SET AND BELIEVED IT WAS DYING. THEY DANCED AROUND FIRES OF MESQUITE EACH NIGHT, BEGGING THE SUN TO RETURN.

WHITE MEN CAME FROM THE EAST AND TOOK THEIR LAND. AND ON THE INDIAN'S LAND THE WHITE MEN BUILT TOWNS.

THEN THEY BUILT CITIES, AND TO PROTECT THEIR CITIES, THEY BUILT MIGHTY WEAPONS AND HID THEM HERE, IN CAVES AMONG THESE MOUNTAINS.

ATOM BOMBS. HYDROGEN BOMBS. EU-GENIC BOMBS. ONCE THEY HAD ENOUGH OF THESE ABOMINABLE DEVICES, THEY DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO USE THEM.

NATURE OF THE BEAST, I SUPPOSE.

NOTHING LEFT...

...BUT THE ASHES.

WHEN IT WAS ALL OVER, THEY, LIKE THE INDIANS BEFORE THEM, WERE EXTINCT. NOTHING WAS LEFT OF THEIR WORLD.

QUIETUS "ASHES"

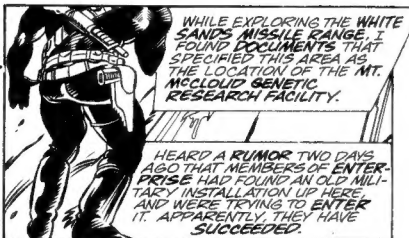
T.A. MAULDIN
WRITER
SANDY CARRUTHERS
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INKER
KURT HATHAWAY
LETTERER



PERHAPS A NEW AGE WILL
COME FORTH FROM THE
ASHES LEFT BEHIND,
RISING LIKE A PHOENIX.

IT IS THIS DREAM THAT HAS
BROUGHT ME HERE, BRAVING
THE RADIATION AND THE
PERPETUAL DANGER OF
MUTATED ANIMALS.

THERE IS HOPE HERE.



WHILE EXPLORING THE WHITE
SANDS MISSILE RANGE, I
FOUND DOCUMENTS THAT
SPECIFIED THIS AREA AS
THE LOCATION OF THE MT.
MCCLLOUD GENETIC
RESEARCH FACILITY.

HEARD A RUMOR TWO DAYS
AGO THAT MEMBERS OF ENTER-
PRISE HAD FOUND AN OLD MILI-
TARY INSTALLATION UP HERE
AND WERE TRYING TO ENTER
IT. APPARENTLY, THEY HAVE
SUCCEEDED.

ENTERPRISE IS ONE OF TWO POWERFUL
GANGS CURRENTLY STRUGGLING FOR CON-
TROL OF OLD ALBUQUERQUE. ENTERPRISE
IS THE BIGGEST AND THE MOST DANGEROUS,
RUN BY A FOUR-ARMED MUTANT NAMED
LANDREW.



DON'T LIKE GANGS AS A
RULE, AND THEY DON'T LIKE
ME. I TRY TO AVOID CON-
FRONTING THEM, AT LEAST
OPENLY. SO I CAN MOVE
AROUND WITHOUT HASSLES.

NOW I'M GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE THE RULES
OF THE GAME. THIS PLACE IS TOO VALUABLE
TO JUST BE LOOTED AND FORGOTTEN.



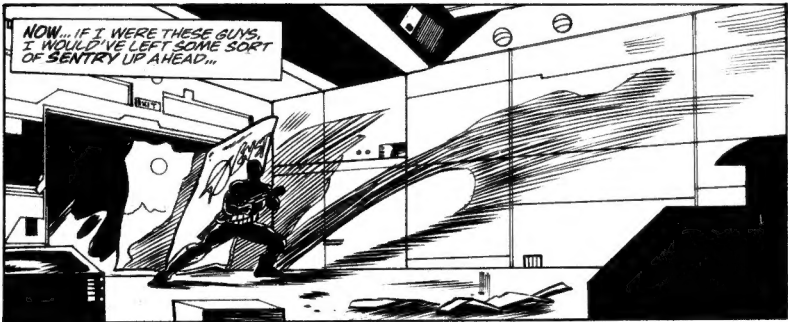
I HOPE
THESE GUYS AGREE
TO LEAVE UNDER
THEIR OWN POWER.



BUT IF THEY
DON'T, WELL...

"I CAN BE VERY
PERSUASIVE."

NOW... IF I WERE THESE GUYS,
I WOULD'VE LEFT SOME SORT
OF SENTRY UP AHEAD...



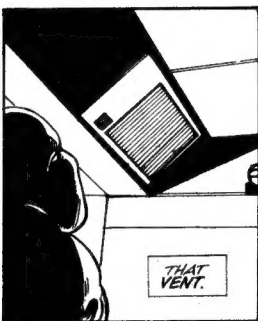
WHAT'S UP
OUT THERE?

NOTHIN'
MOVIN',
MAN.

GOOD. KEEP US
POSTED. WE SHOULD BE
FINISHED SOON...



THAT
VENT.



YEAH...HEY,
SAVE ME A
LITTLE, OKAY?
IT'S BEEN A
LONG TIME.

KEEP TALKING,
SLIMEBALL. JUST
KEEP TALKING...



Heh, NO
PROBLEM. JUST
HOPE IT HOLDS
OUT THAT
LONG.

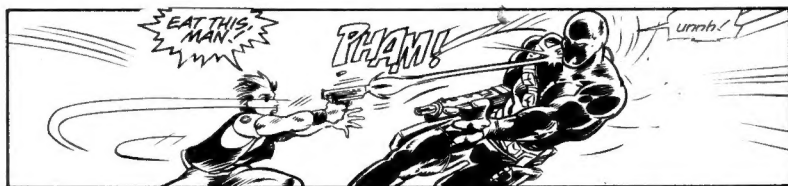
ROGER.
FRONT DOOR
OUT.



EVENING.







I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A KID, JUST AFTER MY PARENTS KILLED THEMSELVES, WHEN KIRCH FOUND ME.

HE WAS A MERCHANT, AND HE TOOK ME IN. HE WAS LIKE A FATHER TO ME. WE LIVED IN THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY IN ALBUQUERQUE.

HE TAUGHT ME TO USE MY BODY AS BOTH WEAPON AND ARMOR. "VER BULLET-PROOF, BOY." HE USED TO SAY. "VER SKINS AS THICK AS A RHINO'S. YUH DON'T NEED TO EAT VERY OFTEN. RADIATION DON'T BOTHER YOU... VER ONLY WEAKNESS IS BEIN' IGNORANT!" HE MADE ME READ ALL THE PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY, AND PHYSICS IN THE LIBRARY, A TO Z.

ONE DAY LOSBOS BROKE IN AND KILLED KIRCH FOR THE BEEF JERKEY IN HIS POCKET. BUT BEFORE HE DIED, HE GAVE ME THREE RULES TO LIVE BY.

HELP PEOPLE WHO CAN'T HELP THEMSELVES...

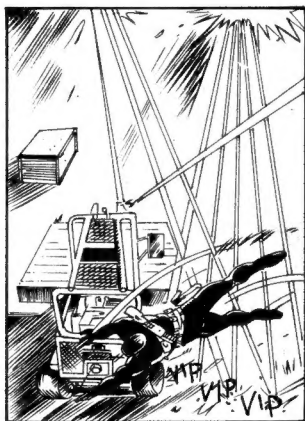


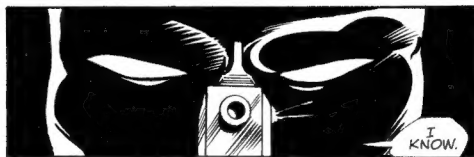
...DON'T TRUST ANYONE...



...AND IT AIN'T THE BULLET THAT GETS THEM, IT'S THE HOLE.









I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE HER... SKIN OF TRANSPARENT IVORY, BONES LIKE CANDLE WAX... A DOLL TOO FRAGILE TO BE PLAYED WITH. SHE'S HURT.



PULSE WEAK, BUT THERE. I'VE GOT TO GET HER SOME HELP...



YOU JUST SAVE YOUR STRENGTH. YOU'RE SAFE NOW.



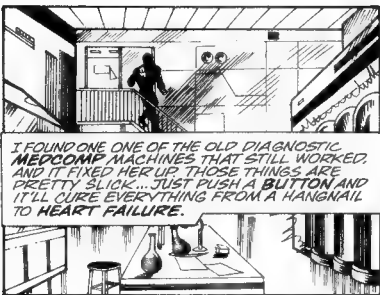
LIFE IS HARD, AND DEATH STALKS US SILENTLY...



DAYS LATER...



THE GIRL'S NAME TURNED OUT TO BE ANNI. SHE WAS CAUGHT BY ENTERPRISE OUTSIDE OF ALBUQUERQUE THREE DAYS BEFORE I FOUND HER.



I FOUND ONE ONE OF THE OLD DIAGNOSTIC MEDCOMP MACHINES THAT STILL WORKED, AND IT FIXED HER UP. THOSE THINGS ARE PRETTY SLICK... JUST PUSH A BUTTON AND IT'LL CURE EVERYTHING FROM A HANGNAIL TO HEART FAILURE.



I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH OF A CHANCE TO TALK TO HER. SHE IS SO BEAUTIFUL AND DISTRACTING... I COULD SPEND DAYS JUST SITTING, WATCHING HER BREATHE.

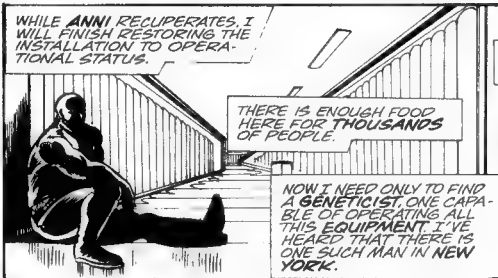
NO. THERE'S NO TIME FOR THESE THOUGHTS NOW. TOO MUCH WORK LEFT TO DO.

IMPORTANT WORK. THIS IS WHAT I CAME FOR HERE. IN THESE CANISTERS, IS THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD.

FROZEN SPERM AND EGGS, FREE OF MUTANT GENES.

SPECIMEN
#11235

WHILE ANNI RECUPERATES, I WILL FINISH RESTORING THE INSTALLATION TO OPERATIONAL STATUS.

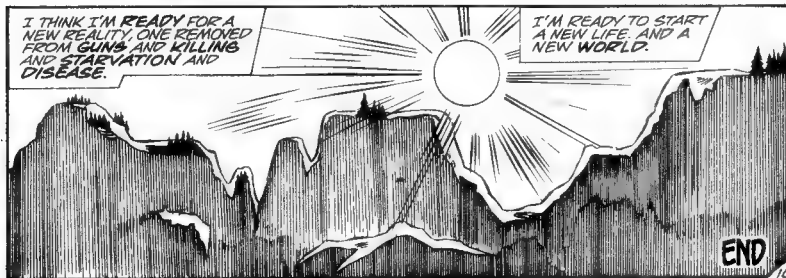


THERE IS ENOUGH FOOD HERE FOR THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE.

NOW I NEED ONLY TO FIND A GENETICIST, ONE CAPABLE OF OPERATING ALL THIS EQUIPMENT. I'VE HEARD THAT THERE IS ONE SUCH MAN IN NEW YORK.

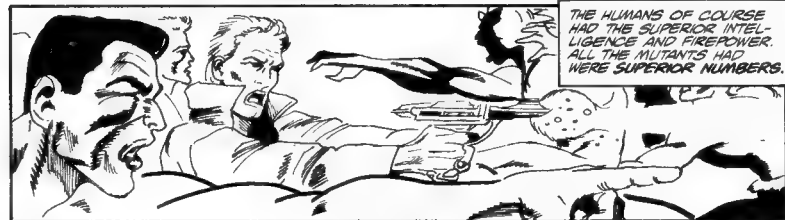
I THINK I'M READY FOR A NEW REALITY, ONE REMOVED FROM GUNS AND KILLING AND STARVATION AND DISEASE.

I'M READY TO START A NEW LIFE. AND A NEW WORLD.



END

THE MORE AMBITIOUS LOCALS
HAD BEEN TRYING TO BREAK
INTO THE SHELTER FOR AS LONG
AS I CAN REMEMBER. I'M NOT
QUITE SURE HOW THEY
FINALLY DID IT...
MECHANICAL FAILURE
OF SOME SORT, NO
DOUBT.



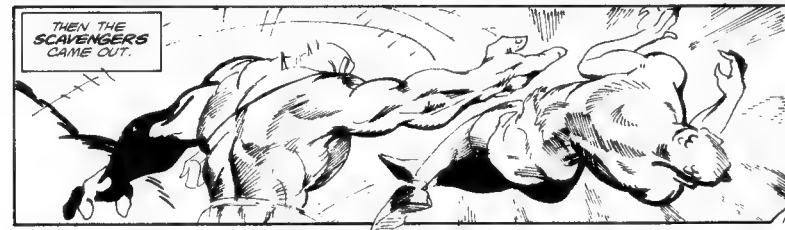
THE HUMANS OF COURSE
HAD THE SUPERIOR INTEL-
LIGENCE AND FIREPOWER.
ALL THE MUTANTS HAD
WERE SUPERIOR NUMBERS.



THAT PROVED TO
BE SUFFICIENT.



AND OF COURSE AFTER THE
BATTLE THERE'S THE SMOKE
AND SUDDEN QUIET.



THEN THE
SCAVENGERS
CAME OUT.

PRETTY SOON THEY'LL ALL BE DOWN HERE, THE FOUL SMELLING CREATURES, FALLING OVER EACH OTHER TO GRAB WHAT LITTLE THEY CAN UNDERSTAND, DESTROYING THE REST...

...DEFILING IT WITH THEIR FILTH. SOON IT'LL ALL BE GONE, THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT BUT BONES AND RUBBLE...

...BUT NOT JUST YET.



GET...YOUR...
STINKING HAND OFF
MY WALL, MUTANT. NOT
...NOT THAT IT MATTERS
MUCH NOW. ALL THIS
WILL SOON BE
YOURS...



...EVERYTHING WE WORKED
FOR...ALL THESE YEARS...TO KEEP
SOME OF THE ART, SCIENCE AND
HISTORY ALIVE DURING THIS
DARK AGE...



YOU..YOU SHOULD TURN
THIS PLACE INTO A HAUNTED
HOUSE. SCARE YOUR FRIENDS
WITH DISPLAYS OF THE HOR-
RIBLE HUMAN RACE WHAT
DO YOU SAY TO
THAT, UGLY?

AND IT ALL
MEANS NOTHING.



SORRY
ABOUT
THE
WALL

I FOUND THAT AFTER THE INITIAL SHOCK, TASK WAS AS INTERESTED IN ME AS I WAS IN HIM. HE COULDN'T GET OVER THE CONCEPT OF A MUTANT WHO COULD TALK, LET ALONE READ, AND I WAS STARVING FOR CONVERSATION. IT TRULY WAS BECOMING A DYING ART.

SO...YOU DIG THROUGH THE RUINS...FOR BOOKS?

AND ANY OTHER PRE-HOLOCAUST ARTIFACTS I CAN FIND. ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF BEING TOP OF THE FOOD CHAIN IS YOU HAVE A LOT OF FREE TIME. SO WHAT WAS THIS PLACE?

PRETTY APPROPRIATE, NOT THAT I'VE SEEN A DUMPLING. AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO DON'T EVEN HAVE NAMES.

"UGLY DUMPLING"? WHAT KIND OF NAME IS THAT?

THE UTOPIA BARRACKS. A BUNCH OF RENEGADE SCIENTISTS AND SOLDIERS DECIDED TO SIT OUT WWII DOWN HERE.

LIFE HERE WAS ALMOST AS GOOD AS IT WAS BEFORE...

...UNTIL THE DAMN MUTANTS BROKE THROUGH ONE OF THE EXITS. WE STOPPED THEM, BUT THEY BROUGHT IN SOME KIND OF PLAGUE...SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE...HARDLY ANYONE LEFT TO FIGHT...

I'M NOT THAT CRAZY ABOUT MUTANTS MYSELF, BUT IT OCCURS TO ME THAT THIS WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D BEEN USING YOUR RESOURCES TO HELP REBUILD THE WORLD INSTEAD OF HIDING DOWN HERE...

YOU O.K., TASK?

NO, I'VE GOT THE PLAGUE TOO! I'M DYING! ARE YOU STUPID AS WELL AS UGLY?

S-S-SORRY, SHOULDN'T TAKE IT OUT ON YOU. I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.

...THE BOYS IN THE LAB CALLED IT THE ALEXANDRIA ARTIFACT. IT'S A SYNTHETIC CRYSTAL THAT'S BEEN ENCODED WITH THE BULK OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE

YOU MEAN, YOU MEAN INSIDE THAT IS...



EVERYTHING EVER KNOWN OR SAID OR RECORDED IN ANY WAY HISTORY, LITERATURE, ART SCIENCE

SILENT COWBOY MOVIES FROM THE SOVIET ARCHIVES AND THE VATICAN CITY LIBRARY...



...PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY, SIT-COMS AND OPERA, BASEBALL CARDS AND EVERY EDITION OF THE NEW YORK TIMES. THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM.

WHAT?!

WHAT?!



I CAN'T PLAY IT.



YOU CAN IMAGINE THAT THIS WAS A BIG PROJECT. IT TOOK YEARS...WE COULDN'T DO IT ALONE...

WE NEEDED THE HELP OF ANOTHER SHELTER CITY, CALLED CAMELOT. WE MADE THE ARTIFACT...THEY BUILT THE PLAYER IN FLORIDA.



BUT THIS USED TO BE CALIFORNIA!

STILL IS

YOU...YOU **MUST** HAVE SOME SORT OF AIRPLANE, OR... AUTOMOBILE...

NO, YOU WERE RIGHT; WE HUMANS WERE ONLY INTERESTED IN STAYING IN OUR HOLES. WE DON'T HAVE ANY KIND OF TRANSPORTATION. THERE'S ONLY **ONE** WAY THIS IS GOING TO GET TO CAMELOT...





I WENT THROUGH TASK'S THINGS, FEELING FOR THE FIRST TIME LIKE THE GRAVE ROBBER I WAS, AND FOUND A MAP, MARKING UNDERGROUND CACHES OF SUPPLIES ALONG THE WAY. IT'D COME IN HANDY... IF I WAS GOING TO CAMELOT.

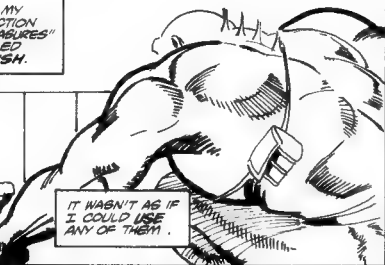


BUT I NO LONGER FOUND ANY PLEASURE IN HUNTING FOR HISTORICAL ANTIQUITIES.



NOW MY COLLECTION OF "TREASURES" SEEMED FOOLISH.

IT WASN'T AS IF I COULD USE ANY OF THEM.



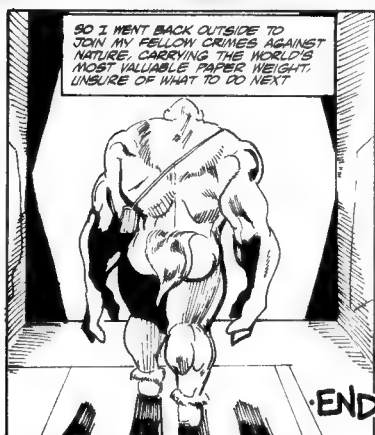
I PLAYED TOO ROUGH.



OF COURSE I'D BEEN LYING WHEN I TOLD TASK I WOULD. IN SPITE OF MY SIZE I'D ALWAYS BEEN A SCAVENGER, ACTIVELY AVOIDING CONFLICTS, REJECTING THE UGLINESS OF THE WORLD BY PICKING UP PIECES OF THE PAST.



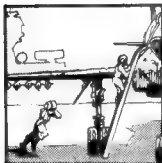
SO I WENT BACK OUTSIDE TO JOIN MY FELLOW CRIMES AGAINST NATURE, CARRYING THE WORLD'S MOST VALUABLE PAPER WEIGHT, UNSURE OF WHAT TO DO NEXT.



WELCOME TO SEATTLE,
CURRENTLY THE GARDEN SPOT
OF THE U.S. AND, QUITE POSSIBLY
THE WORLD



SO WHY DO I FIND MYSELF
PRAYING WE HAD BEEN OBLITERATED
BACK ON SHATTERDAY, LIKE THE REST
OF THE EARTH?



IT'S REALLY A FLUKE
THAT WE DIDN'T GET
BLOWN OFF THE FACE OF
THE MAP. WHAT WITH
MCCHORD AIR FORCE
BASE LOCATED LESS
THAN 40 MILES FROM
SEATTLE. MAYBE SOME-
ONE UPSTAIRS WAS
LOOKING OUT FOR US



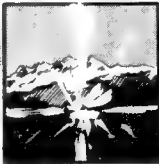
FOR WHATEVER REASONS,
WHEN THE BOMBS FELL,
THEY DIDN'T FALL ON US.
WE FELT THE TREMORS
WE FELT THE HEAT BUT
WE SUFFERED PRECIOUS
LITTLE ACTUAL DAMAGE



I DON'T THINK ANYONE
THOUGHT WE WERE OFF THE
HOOK. THOUGH THERE WERE
NO "SPECIAL REPORTS" WITH
CONNIE CHUNG, NO NIGHTLINE
WITH TED KOPPEL. THIS WAS
THE END OF THE WORLD AS
WE KNEW IT, AND WE PRAYED
FOR STRENGTH TO FACE THE
NIGHTMARES THE NEXT
DAY WOULD SURELY BRING



THE RADIATION DRIFTED IN
LIKE THE BLACK PLAGUE, BUT
WASN'T AS DEADLY AS ANYONE
THOUGHT IT WOULD BE. THERE
WERE PLENTY OF MUTATIONS,
BUT ON THE WHOLE, THINGS
WEREN'T BAD AT ALL. AS A
MATTER OF FACT, TOURISM IN
WASHINGTON IS CURRENTLY
RUNNING AT AN ALL-TIME
HIGH



I SUPPOSE IT'S IRONIC
THAT WE SHOULD BE SAVED
THE WORST CATASTROPHE
EVER TO BEFALL MANKIND,
ONLY TO FALL VICTIM TO AN
EVEN WORSE FATE. YOU
SEE, ON THE OLYMPIC
MOUNTAINS, JUST WEST
OF SEATTLE, THE GODS
CAME DOWN TO EARTH



TERRIBLE ANGRY GODS



A TRINITY
OF TERROR.





I LEARNED ABOUT THE TRINITY FROM ONE OF THE PEOPLE THAT THEY MINDPROBED WHEN THEY FIRST CAME HERE. YOU SEE, MIND-READING IS A TWO-WAY STREET; THERE'S ONLY ONE PROBLEM—WHERE OUR MINDS ARE A TWO-LANE DIRT ROAD, THE TRINITY'S ARE A SUPERHIGHWAY. IT LEFT THOSE WHO'D BEEN PROBED AS DEAD ENDS. THE UNFORTUNATE SOUL TOLD ME WHAT HE KNEW BEFORE HIS BRAIN JUST SHUT DOWN AND REFUSED TO WORK.

THIS IS WHAT HE SAID: THEY ARE THE THREE, AND THE DIMENSIONS THEY HAVE CONQUERED HAVE BEEN LIMITLESS. THEY ARE THE THREE, AND HEAVEN HELP THOSE WHO STAND IN THEIR PATH THEY ARE THE THREE AND THEY ARE POWER.



SERTUS THE CORRUPTOR HAS THE POWER TO BEND THE ELEMENTS TO HIS WILL. SWIFT TO ANGER, HE CAN CREATE A TEMPEST OF HOWLING WINDS AND BLACK RAIN WITH LITTLE LESS THAN A THOUGHT. HE IS THE EYE OF THE HURRICANE. HE IS MASTER OF THE STORM. HE IS THE WEAKEST OF THE THREE, AND THAT IS A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.



PHENTUS IS THE ONE THEY CALL **LIFEBREAKER**. IT IS HIS FACE THAT OLD MEN AND YOUNG CHILDREN SEE IN THE NIGHTMARES THAT BRING SCREAMS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. HE LAPS UP FEAR LIKE A KITTEN LAPS CREAM AND DISPENSES TORTURE ON FOLLOWERS AND DISSENTERS ALIKE.

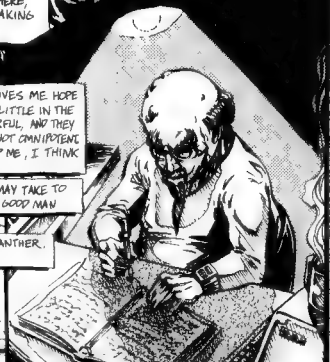


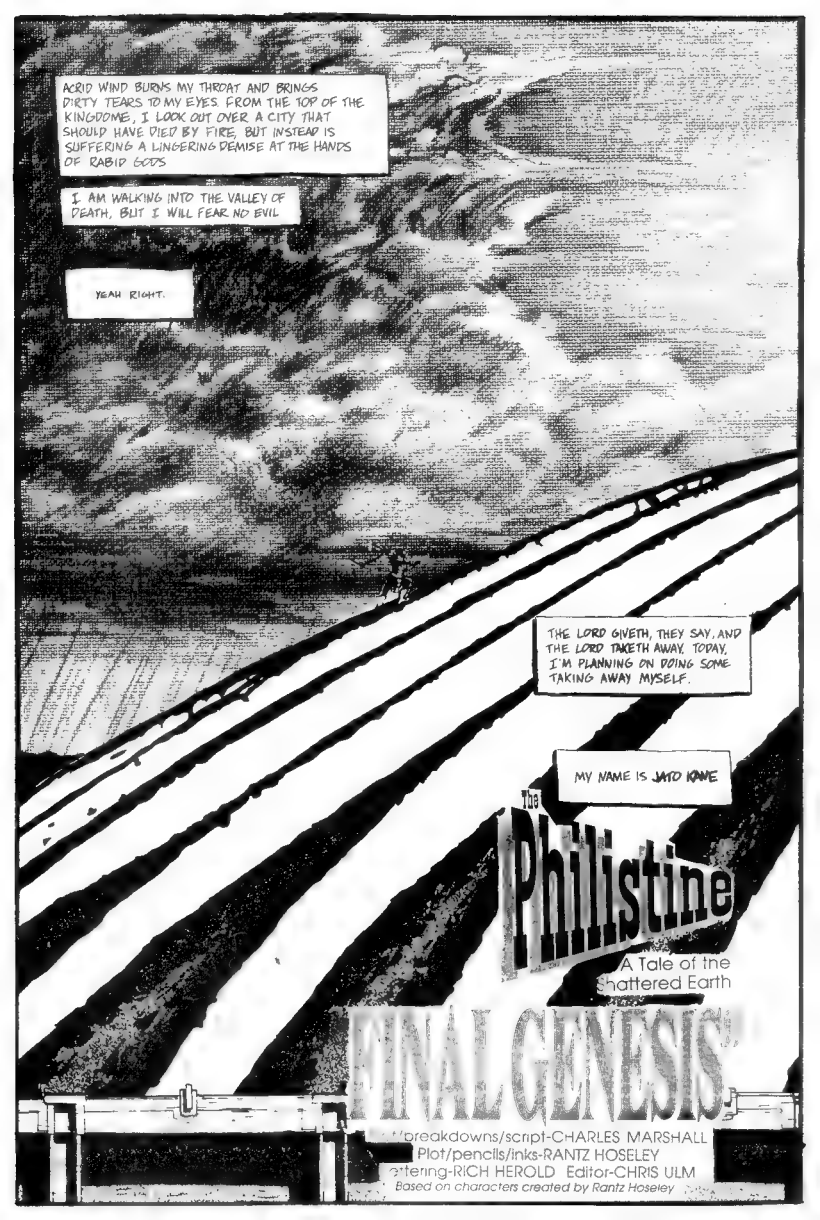
AURICUS THE DEFIER IS THE ONE THAT BROUGHT THE TRINITY HERE AND FOR THAT REASON HE IS SEETHING WITH ANGER. HE MADE A MISTAKE, IT SEEMS THAT WHEN THEY ENTERED OUR DIMENSION, THEY WERE BOUND BY OUR LAWS OF NATURE. WHERE THEY CAME FROM, ANYTHING WAS POSSIBLE. HERE, THERE ARE LIMITATIONS THEY'RE TRAPPED HERE, WITH US, AND I GUESS THEY PLAN ON MAKING US PAY FOR THEIR IMPRISONMENT."

THAT MISTAKE IS THE THING THAT GIVES ME HOPE AND LETS THESE OLD BONES REST A LITTLE IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT. THEY ARE POWERFUL, AND THEY MAY INDEED BE GODS, BUT THEY ARE NOT OMNIPOTENT. I THINK THEY CAN BE BEAT. GOD HELP ME, I THINK WE CAN DO IT.

AND WHO KNOWS, ALL IT MAY TAKE TO CAST THEM DOWN IS ONE GOOD MAN.

FROM **AFTER SUMMERTIDE**—NOTES BY GRANTHER, LEADER OF THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT.





ACRID WIND BURNS MY THROAT AND BRINGS
DIRTY TEARS TO MY EYES. FROM THE TOP OF THE
KINGDOM, I LOOK OUT OVER A CITY THAT
SHOULD HAVE DIED BY FIRE, BUT INSTEAD IS
SUFFERING A LINGERING DEMISE AT THE HANDS
OF RABID GODS

I AM WALKING INTO THE VALLEY OF
DEATH, BUT I WILL FEAR NO EVIL

YEAH RIGHT.

THE LORD GIVETH, THEY SAY, AND
THE LORD TAKETH AWAY. TODAY,
I'M PLANNING ON DOING SOME
TAKING AWAY MYSELF.

MY NAME IS JAYD KOWE

The
Philistine
A Tale of the
Shattered Earth

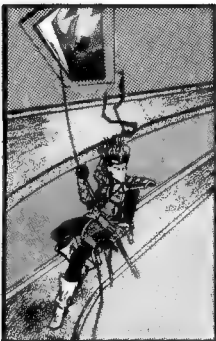
FINAL GENESIS

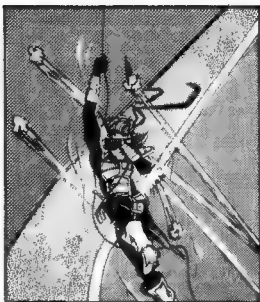
breakdowns/script-CHARLES MARSHALL

Plot/pencils/inks-RANTZ HOSELEY

lettering-RICH HEROLD Editor-CHRIS ULM

Based on characters created by Rantz Hoseley







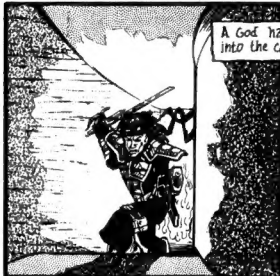
HALF-DEAD CITIES AND
DILAPIDATED K-MARTS AREN'T
WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

AND THERE'S NO REASON IN RISKING
DEATH TO BATTLE FOR A FEW DENTED
CANS OF GREEN GIANT CORN NIBLETS,
OR A BUCKET OF UNLEADED GASOLINE.

THERE ARE THINGS THAT
AREN'T WORTH FIGHTING FOR.



AND THEN, THERE ARE
THINGS THAT ARE



A God has come
into the camp.



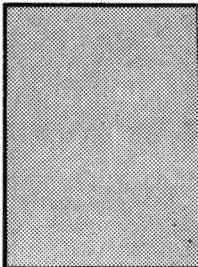
Woe to us! For
nothing like this
has happened before.



Woe to us! Who can
deliver us from the power
of these mighty gods?



Take courage, and acquit
yourselves like men,
O Philistines.



Acquit yourselves like men
and fight.

Samuel I: 4:7-9



NOT QUITE, BUT HOW THOUGHTFUL
OF YOU TO MAKE THE COMPARISON.
AND HOW CONSIDERATE OF YOU
TO SAVE US THE TROUBLE OF
HUNTING YOU DOWN, CUR...

WE HAVE A CROSS SOMEWHERE
AROUND HERE WITH YOUR NAME
ON IT, MR. KANE. DON'T WE,
MY BROTHERS?

NEXT: "REVELATIONS"

THE SHATTERED EARTH CHRONICLE

VOLUME I ISSUE 4

KINGSPYDER'S NOTEBOOK



Although it is stated this story would continue, I have not found any evidence that it did.

FINAL GENESIS

King Spyder

